

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

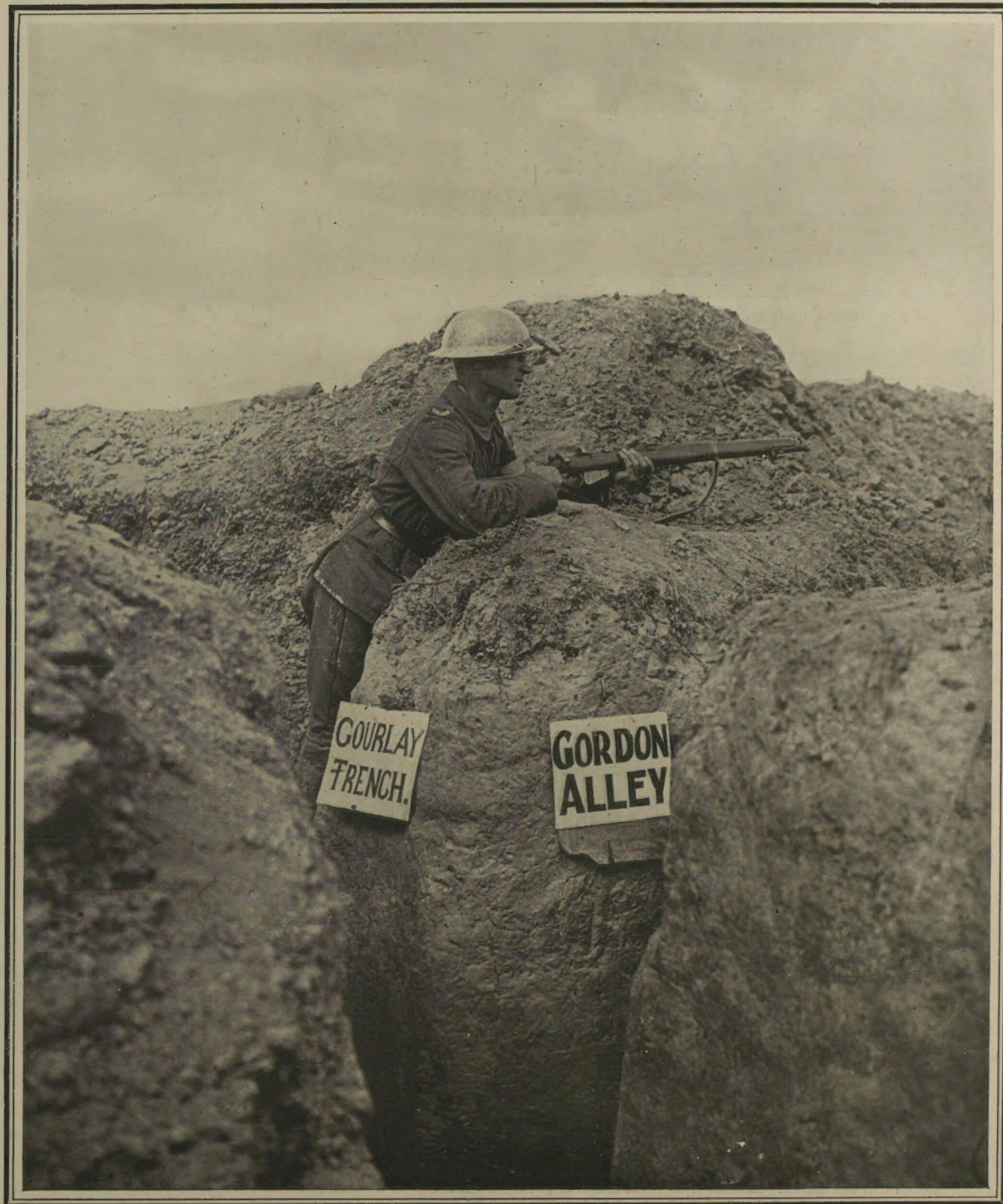
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SIXPENCE.

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WHERE THE TRENCHES MEET: A SENTRY ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

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WAR SCENES IN FRANCE AND MACEDONIA: FRENCH AND ITALIAN EFFICIENCY; AND GREEK UNREST AT SALONIKA.

PHOTOGRAPHS AUTHORISED BY THE FRENCH WAR OFFICE; AND OTHERS BY ALFIERI, PHOTOPRESS, AND HONORÉ.



A SIGN OF THE ALLIES' UNITY-OF-FRONT POLICY: ITALIAN TROOPS LANDED AT SALONIKA MARCHING TO THEIR QUARTERS.



THE CONCEALMENT OF RAILWAYS FROM HOSTILE AIRCRAFT: ON THE SOMME FRONT FOR AN ARTILLERY TRAIN TO PASS.



WITH THE FRENCH ARTILLERY ON THE BALKAN FRONT: A GUN READY TO FIRE IN MACEDONIA.



BIG FRENCH LONG-RANGE GUNS ON THE MACEDONIAN FRONT: A GENERAL VIEW OF A BATTERY.



ANALYSING THE CONTENTS OF GERMAN PROJECTILES: LIEUT. BOUXIN IN HIS LABORATORY ON THE MEURTHE AND MOSELLE FRONT.



DEMANDING FROM THE GREEK GOVERNMENT PROTECTION AGAINST MACEDONIANS



THE BULGARIAN INVADERS: A MASS MEETING OF THIRTY THOUSAND AT SALONIKA.



SENEGALESE TROOPS OF THE FRENCH COLONIAL ARMY ON THE SOMME FRONT: FIXING BARBED WIRE ON NEWLY WON POSITIONS.



FRENCH PROJECTILES BIG ENOUGH TO CONTAIN A MAN: A FRENCH SOLDIER INSIDE A "520" SHELL-CASE; AND HOLDING A "75" SHELL.

The recently renewed French offensive on the Somme, carried out with great gallantry, has had important results. During the week from September 3 to 10 our Allies took over 7000 prisoners, and the number has since been increased. Indications of the French strength in guns and munitions, both on the Western front and in Macedonia, are given in several of our photographs. Some recent statistics published regarding the growth of the French output of munitions stated that the manufacture of 75-mm. shells was 38½ times greater than at the beginning of the war, while the production of shell-cases for larger projectiles was 80 times greater.—The landing of the Italians at Salonika was thus described by Mr. G. Ward Price: "A considerable force of Italian troops arrived in the bay yesterday and disembarked this afternoon. In neat uniforms of grey-green with helmets of blue steel, marching in columns, the small-sized but active-looking Italian infantry were a long time passing the saluting-point at the quay. . . . It was not only an imposing military spectacle, but, I suppose, a really unique one, a very microcosm and

epitome of almost all the Allies. Here on this Greek waterside . . . were gathered soldiers of those many and widely differing races that are fighting for our cause. There stood a group of Frenchmen, bearded and sun-burnt. . . . And then Englishmen, and then Russians, and then Serbs, and on the outskirts of the crowd the baby face and narrow eye-slits of the Annamite, and close to him a laughing Senegalese, and there a dignified Indian transport driver in his turban. . . . Many shouts of 'Viva l'Italia!' met the little brown men as they stepped out alertly for the first time along the uneven highways of this ill-paved town." The same correspondent, describing a great pro-Allies demonstration of Macedonian Greeks at Salonika on August 30, writes: "The procession made for the French Headquarters and filled the space in front of it with much cheering. After a while General Sarrail appeared at an upper window, saluted, and withdrew again. Then Colonel Zimbrakakis went into the building and came out a quarter of an hour later, mounted, and started to make a speech."

MR. ASQUITH SEES FOR HIMSELF: THE PRIME MINISTER AT THE FRONT.

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MR. ASQUITH WATCHING THE RETURN OF A SQUADRON OF AEROPLANES.



THE PREMIER SHOWS HIMSELF MUCH INTERESTED IN SOME BIG HOWITZER SHELLS.



MR. ASQUITH WATCHING MEN AT WORK ON FUSES, AT THE FRONT.



THE PREMIER ON THE WESTERN FRONT: MR. ASQUITH LOOKING AT CAPTURED GERMAN AMMUNITION.

As becomes a famous statesman who is also a great lover of the classics, Mr. Asquith obviously agrees with the friend of Plato, who held that to believe is dangerous and to be unbelieving is equally so, and the Truth, therefore, should be diligently sought after. The Premier spares no effort to see things for himself, and he recently returned from a three-days' visit to the Commander-in-Chief at the British front, in the course of which he managed to see a great deal. On the first day he went to Fricourt, and explored

the old German trenches and dug-outs; spent some time talking to the wounded and the staffs at a casualty clearing station; lunched with one of the Army Commanders; and visited the headquarters of the R.F.C. The second day was devoted to talking with various heads of Departments at General Headquarters, where he lunched with the Quartermaster-General; and on the third day he visited some Canadian troops, and saw batteries in action and other incidents of interest.

WHERE CELLARS WERE CLEARED OF GERMANS: THE UNDERGROUND WAR.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



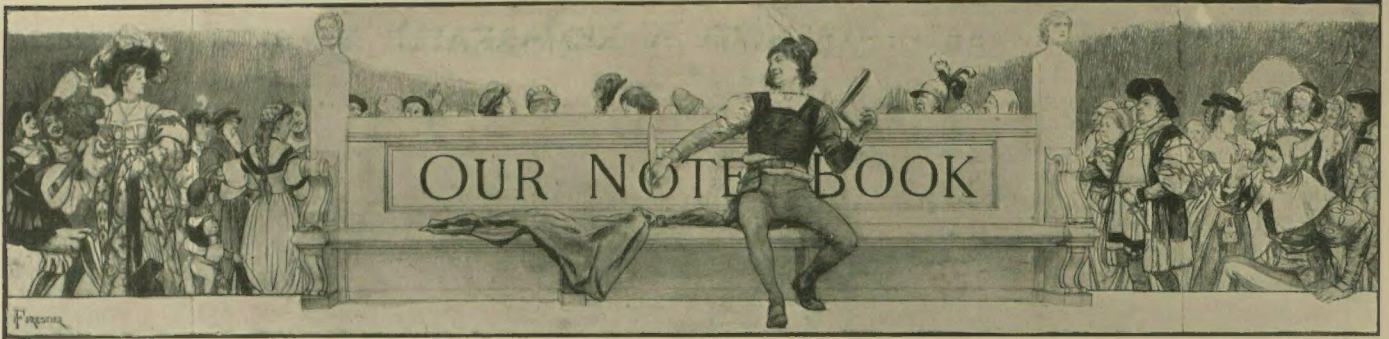
SHOWING CELLARS FROM WHICH OUR MEN HAD TO HUNT OUT THE ENEMY: A BRITISH SOLDIER'S BILLET IN A WRECKED COTTAGE.



WHERE GERMAN DUG-OUTS 30 FEET DEEP HAD TO BE CLEARED IN THE BRITISH ADVANCE: A SCENE IN THE RUINS OF MONTAUBAN.

Some of the most trying work which the British troops have to perform in the capture of German positions is the clearing of the enemy from their deep dug-outs and cellars. These hold large numbers of men, who, if they were not ferreted out, would attack our troops from the rear after they had passed. Describing the capture of one such cavern, from which a German machine-gun had given great trouble, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "No fewer than 6 officers and 170 men came out of that one hole in the ground and

gave themselves up. There was fierce fighting in the other dug-outs, where there was room to fight, for those of our troops who, with fixed bayonets, went running about in search of the entrances and then plunged down helter-skelter, coming face to face in the half-darkness with tall Prussians armed with bombs and pistols and nasty kinds of knives." The same thing took place at Montauban, captured early in the British offensive. "Our bombardment," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, "had annihilated the German position."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN the last great Zeppelin raid swept upon London, two scenes were enacted by which an Englishman would be very willing that his country should be judged. The first, of course, was that extraordinary scene—one might almost say vision—in which a man mounted to assail and destroy that winged fortress, enormous as the flying island of Laputa, with an equipment which was by comparison like that of a witch riding on a broomstick. The other was the scene in which the mangled remains of the enemies fallen out of the sky were honourably buried in a soldiers' grave with the salutes and the farewell of soldiers. When on a previous occasion some members of a Zeppelin crew were taken alive, a few voices were heard suggesting that they should be denied the privileges of prisoners of war; but these few voices almost instantly died away, and were silenced by a universal silence. Such small revenges are in any case unworthy of the dignity of indignation. They are also futile and inconsequent, for these men are merely tools by the very definition of their trade. We might as well revenge ourselves on the Zeppelin as on the crew of the Zeppelin. To break the furniture may be a pardonable expression of a passing anger; but the only kind of anger we have, or have any right to have, is not of the passing sort. It is a great and a responsible anger against men who are in great and responsible stations. Touching the work and destiny of such men, I have always repeated the view that the highest human tradition has taken of such extreme examples: that the only good to be made out of them is to make them examples. There are cases where execution is expiation, and where death is in a true sense the only pardon. I believe we have the right to wage war until we can do justice upon princes and captains as we do it upon thieves and assassins. But when this intellectual conviction is confused with a notion of copying the enemy's methods, it is not fulfilled, but actually frustrated.

A little clear thinking is very much needed in this matter, in which both sides go by associations rather than ideas. On the one side, the Pacifist congratulates himself on avoiding "militarism" when he turns the whole world over to be trampled on by the Prussian Guard. On the other side, the Jingo congratulates himself on avoiding "sentimentalism" so long as he is allowed to butcher and blunder out of pure sentiment. Neither really asks himself what object he is trying to achieve, and what means are the most practical for achieving it. Now, our object, or at least (if I may in modesty so express it) my object, is to isolate and punish the Prussian power. And when this aim is vividly envisaged, it becomes plain that the real reason for refusing (as far as is reasonably possible) to copy the Prussian malpractices is the same as the reason for refusing all peace or parley with the Prussian monarchy. The more we insist that the terms must be our terms, the more do we weaken ourselves if the methods are their methods. To see the reason for this is a matter not of sentiment, but intelligence. Our whole controversial case against Prussianism is to prove it exceptional. It is obviously a part of that case, if possible, to leave it exceptional. Our whole hope of getting a monster killed and not scotched depends upon our keeping fresh the original human horror at its monstrosity. It may be illogical, but it will

certainly be natural, if that horror is somewhat dulled if, by the end of the war, everybody seems to be fighting with pretty much the same weapons. It may be unjust, but it is certainly not unlikely, that men will forget who it was who used them first. If a European State, at war with other States, suddenly began to eat its prisoners, the other States would be justified in breaking off all intercourse and international discussion, and destroying it without further speech. But if the other States began, however reluctantly, to eat a prisoner here and there, they might still maintain much of their logical case, and even something of a rather relative moral superiority. But obviously there is one thing they could not possibly maintain, and that is the innocent and instantaneous disgust at the mere sight of a cannibal. Yet it would be precisely upon that innocent disgust that they would base their whole claim to crush a mere nest of

much the same as a Pope who excommunicated them; as if a Caesar making his horse a consul were pretty much the same as a Caesar making his slave a freed-man; as if Attila waging war to destroy civilisation were pretty much the same as Charlemagne waging war to save it. It is exactly as if we were to draw Jack the Ripper as the recognised picture of John Bull. It is as if we were to say that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt kept a tiger because it is considered a domestic habit to keep a cat; it is as if we said that a City man waiting for an omnibus found it much the same thing to wait for a Zeppelin.

The social order of the past differed in some details from our own; but there was the same sense, or an even greater sense, of the distance between the ordinary and extraordinary. Because a mediæval knight rode on a horse he would not have been the less surprised to meet a Centaur; and when our fathers came across a monster they recorded it as a monster. And the Prussian monarchy was regarded as a monster. That it had brought a new and naked anarchy into international relations was a commonplace of Christendom, like the statement that England specialised in sea-power or that the Grand Turk was pressing upon the frontiers of Eastern Europe. It was indeed known that Prussia systematically relapsed into long periods of peace; but it was also known that the name of that peace was preparation for war. The period of rest—or rather, of militant immobility—between the forgery of Ems and the violation of Belgium was neither more nor less significant than the period of rest between the Partition of Poland and the treacheries of the Napoleonic Wars, or the period of rest between the Napoleonic Wars and the forgery of Ems—to say nothing of the pillage of Denmark or the swindling of Austria. If we had peace to-morrow, and the peace lasted for another fifty years, we should be no more safe than in the cavern of a dragon asleep. The truth that wants telling, the truth upon which our practical future hangs, is that the dragon is a dragon—that the word is not, as his friends would suggest, a misprint for dragoon. In other words, what is the matter with him is not "militarism," but tyranny and treachery and a thirst for the things of death.

We have admittedly reached a stage in the campaign in which the peace may be more menacing than the enemy of Christendom cannot now escape by merely piling up his tyrannies; and if he piles them up it is rather because ruin is his consolation as well as his prize—because unkindness is a sort of comfort to him, as kindness is to happier men. But he may escape by some treaty that shall be a treason, and a parent of future treasuries. Our chances of averting that peril do not depend on petty reprisals for his brutalities, or on playing the monkey to any of his monkey tricks. They depend on the contrast between the brute and monkey and the dignity of man which he has insulted. They depend upon keeping open the gulf that separates common good and evil from this sinister and even insane exception in the chronicles of Christian men. And if we do not do it, our danger is that we shall waste the wealth of our wrath in breaking tools and toys, and the evil itself will escape us.

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A WAR COUNCIL IN PARIS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. ALBERT THOMAS, MR. E. S. MONTAGU, AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

The Press Bureau announced on the 10th: "A series of conferences has been held this week in Paris between the French and British Ministers for War and the Ministers for Munitions. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Montagu were accompanied by representatives of the War Office and the Ministry of Munitions, and by officers from the staff of Sir Douglas Haig. . . . The Minister of Munitions (Mr. E. S. Montagu) has returned to England."

cannibals. Even if they only on rare occasions took a bite at a man, even if they were only found cautiously and considerably nibbling at a man, they would be biting holes in their own case: they would be nibbling away the natural instincts which were their chief allies in the whole war. They would be making the crime of their enemy a less exceptional thing, and therefore the crushing of their enemy a more exceptional thing. If at the end of the war it seemed less horrible to eat a man, it would seem more horrible to shoot a man-eater.

Now, the gross neglect of history in modern England makes it essential to emphasise again and again the fact that the Prussian policy has really been something as exceptional in Christian history as cannibalism. That ignorance makes us constantly lump together the crimes and the conventions of the past. It makes men talk as if a Pope who poisoned people were pretty

the war. The enemy of Christendom cannot now escape by merely piling up his tyrannies; and if he piles them up it is rather because ruin is his consolation as well as his prize—because unkindness is a sort of comfort to him, as kindness is to happier men. But he may escape by some treaty that shall be a treason, and a parent of future treasuries. Our chances of averting that peril do not depend on petty reprisals for his brutalities, or on playing the monkey to any of his monkey tricks. They depend on the contrast between the brute and monkey and the dignity of man which he has insulted. They depend upon keeping open the gulf that separates common good and evil from this sinister and even insane exception in the chronicles of Christian men. And if we do not do it, our danger is that we shall waste the wealth of our wrath in breaking tools and toys, and the evil itself will escape us.

ENEMIES IN THE SAME TRENCH! A REMARKABLE WAR-PHOTOGRAPH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALPIERI.



IN A GERMAN COMMUNICATION-TRENCH ON THE SOMME FRONT, HELD HALF BY THE FRENCH AND HALF BY THE GERMANS:
GERMANS LOOKING OVER THEIR PARAPET AT THE FAR END TO SEE WHAT THE FRENCH PICKET IS DOING.

"I nibble them." So, in the earlier days of the war, General Joffre once graphically revealed the secret of his strategical plans for dealing with the enemy during the long period of trench-warfare that he saw was ahead of the Allies on the Western Front. The above illustration shows an incident from the Somme front in the present phase of the process during a brief lull or respite in the step-by-step advance that the Allies there are steadily making. The scene is one of the German communication-trenches. The French have captured the front-line trench, and have advanced for part of the way along the communication-trench, the further end of which, and the reserve trench in rear, is

still in the enemy's possession. At the furthest point reached, the French have made a barricade of sand-bags across the *boyau*, and established an advanced post, or picket, there. So close are they at the point to the nearest Germans, that some of these can be seen, in the background of the illustration, round the bend not many yards off, looking over the parapet of their barrier to try and discover what force of French are at the barricade. For the time the French party have orders to stand fast and hold back at the barricade, while watching the enemy through loopholes from there. They are resting on the alert, with hand-grenades and bayonets ready.

DOGS OF THE WAR: TEAMS ON SERVICE WITH THE FRENCH TROOPS FIGHTING ON THE VOSGES FRONT.

FRENCH WAR OFFICE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



BETWEEN SPELLS OF DUTY: A DOG TEAM OF ALASKANS AND SIBERIANS OUT FOR A SCAMPER NEAR THEIR KENNELS AT A MILITARY POST.



A HARD PULL AND A LONG PULL: HAULING A LOAD A VOSGES



(OUT OF THE ILLUSTRATION) UP A STIFF INCLINE ON ROAD.



A SUMMER AFTERNOON'S PIECE OF WORK: TOWING A CAR OF SOLDIERS BETWEEN STATIONS ON A LIGHT FIELD-RAILWAY TRACK.



WITH THE ARMY COMMISSARIAT SERVICE: BRINGING UP TRUCKS OF SUPPLIES ON ONE OF THE MOUNTAIN RAILWAY LINES.



ALWAYS AVAILABLE IN CASE OF EMERGENCY: GOING OUT ON



A DOG-TEAM WITH TRUCKS OF SOLDIERS GOING OUT ON PIONEER SERVICE.



IN TRAMWAY STYLE—DRIVING TO THE FRONT: TAKING A RELIEF PARTY OF SOLDIERS TO AN OUTPOST.

Dog-teams of the Esquimaux breed from Alaska and Siberia have been employed by the French on the Vosges front for the past year and a-half. A French officer of Reserve, an ex-Consular official, formerly stationed in Alaska, first suggested their use during the winter campaign of 1914. Through his instrumentality, the French Army authorities had several teams, such as are used in the Far West for drawing sleighs of trappers' stores and provisions, or bales of furs, between outlying stations, sent over to France by way of experiment. The teams were attached to companies of the Chasseurs Alpins battalions fighting in the Vosges. The dogs at once gave proofs of their value for war purposes in many ways—as

sentry dogs in certain cases after some special training, but more particularly as draught animals in winter for pulling sleighs with provisions, etc., over the snow among the hill outposts. Siberian dogs of kindred breeds to the Alaskans have since been added to enlarge the establishment. The dogs have been made of service for general transport work in summer as well, on the Vosges roads and on the light railways laid down in the hill districts for military purposes since the war began. Winter or summer, according to all accounts, the dogs do their work satisfactorily, although the summer heat is found trying for thick-coated animals.

THE NEW BELGIAN ARMY: KING ALBERT'S MEN IN TRAINING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE BELGIAN ARMY.



TRAINING IN UNDERWATER-MINE OPERATIONS: PRACTICE WORK AT AN INSTRUCTION CENTRE AT ARDRES.



PRACTICE IN THE USES OF PASSERELLES (TRENCH-BRIDGES): LEARNING TO CROSS BARBED WIRE, AT ARDRES.



THROWING A GRAPNEL WITH WHICH TO UPROOT BARBED-WIRE DEFENCES: TRAINING AT ARDRES.



CANINE TRACTION FOR MACHINE-GUN BATTERIES: MEN AND DOGS EXERCISING AT A MITRAILLEUSE SCHOOL.



WEARING THEIR NEW STEEL HELMETS, AKIN TO THOSE OF THE FRENCH: BELGIAN RECRUITS AT ARDRES.



A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE NEW BELGIAN ARMY AT DIEPPE: INFANTRY MUSTERING ON PARADE.

While the Belgian Army in the field is still fighting—and fighting well—on a difficult front, it has at its back a new army of Belgian recruits who are preparing at various training centres to take their part in the war. There are schools for officers, mine-layers, machine-gunners, and so on, as well as munitions-factories, magazines and hospitals. "The glorious little Army that first arrested the rush of the Huns," wrote Lord Northcliffe a little while ago after a visit to the Belgian Headquarters, "has been fighting longer than any of us. . . . To-day it is the same Army, but renewed. The wise men who administer it under the affectionate care of the King have, while getting into

the ranks every possible available Belgian of military age, wherever he may be, devoted themselves to the work of refitting and reorganising. . . . That the Belgians are well equipped with great cannon, big howitzers, 75's, and machine-guns, and that every gun has a plentiful supply of shells of every description, is abundantly well known to Hans and Fritz on the other side of the inundations and elsewhere along the Belgian front. . . . The improved Belgian Army, as regards the higher command, efficiency, equipment, cavalry, infantry, artillery, and transport, is, like our own, the creation of . . . months of war, and it is said that war is the best school for war."

TREE "O-PIPITS": A FRENCH OBSERVATION-POST IN THE HILLS.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN.



"THE OBSERVERS ARE THE EYES OF THE GUNS": AN "O-PIP" UP A TREE ON THE FRENCH FRONT.

The character of an artillery observation-post varies, of course, with the nature of the country and the sites available. In wooded districts a tall tree is often utilised, as from the top a bird's-eye view, in the literal sense, may be obtained over the enemy's lines. Our artist's drawing shows one such post among some wooded hills on the French front. In the British Army an observation-post is familiarly known as an "O. Pip." A writer in the "Daily Mail" describing their work gave some details which may equally apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to those of our French allies. "The guns themselves," he says,

"are blind. On the Western front the days of direct fire have passed. . . . The observers are linked with the batteries by telephone. The observers are the eyes of the guns. . . . The observation-posts are numerous. Every mile of German line is watched by several observers who spend their time noting every movement and reporting on the result of each British shot. . . . The subaltern who sits in his 'O. Pip' takes the same pride in the ability of his battery to demolish an enemy earthwork with one shell as that of a crack bowler in taking wickets."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

CROSSING A RIVER: AN INDIAN MOUNTAIN-BATTERY ON THE MARCH.



FERRYING THEMSELVES ACROSS BY DETACHMENTS, ON A RAFT OF BAGS OF STRAW PLANKED OVER: MEN (AND SADDLERY) OF A BATTERY SECTION CROSSING A RIVER.



A RAFT WITHOUT THE PLANK PLATFORM CARRYING ITS LOAD: IN TOW AND BEING POLED ACROSS.



"FOLLOW MY LEADER" UNDER COMPELSION: BATTERY MULES BEING SWUM ACROSS.



ANOTHER BATTERY-TEAM OF MULES CROSSING: THE HEADMOST IN-TOW DRAWING THE REST AFTER HIM IN FILE, ALONG THE GUIDE-ROPE.

The Indian mountain-artillery batteries, ordinarily quartered at certain hill-district stations along the frontiers of India, have been actively employed on service in various parts of the war-area, mostly outside Europe. Our illustrations show one of the batteries at a certain place which there is no need to specify. Part of the personnel of the battery is shown in the first two illustrations, crossing a stretch of water on a form of improvised raft, capable of carrying over by detachments the men, guns, and gun-carriages, and the ammunition, field stores, and equipment. The rafts in use are made of several bags of

straw, which are overlaid when necessary with a platform of planks. The rafts are kept on the line of crossing by means of a stout guide-rope, stretched across the water, and are hauled or poled over. In the third and fourth illustrations, battery mules are seen being swum across in batches under control. The animals are attached by a length of halter from the headstall, which is looped to slide freely along the main transverse guide-rope while the mules in file are being towed across by a line fastened to the foremost.

"THE USUAL TRENCH WARFARE": ON THE BRITISH FRONT.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



WHERE A GERMAN AMMUNITION-WAGON WAS BLOWN ON TOP OF A BANK BY A BRITISH SHELL: A STRICKEN ROAD.



WHERE "THE WINDMILL SHOULD BE FAMOUS IN THE HISTORY OF THIS WAR": A SCENE OF HAVOC AT POZIÈRES.



BRITISH SUPERIORITY IN THE AIR NOW FIRMLY ESTABLISHED: MACHINES AT AN AERODROME AT THE FRONT.



A POPULAR PLACE OF RESORT IN THE BRITISH TRENCHES: THE ENTRANCE TO AN UNDERGROUND CANTEN.



SOLDIERLY CLEANLINESS: STEEL HELMETS USED AS WASHING-BASINS—WITH A PILE OF STRETCHERS IN THE BACKGROUND.

"On the remainder of the British front," said Sir Douglas Haig in concluding a recent despatch, "the usual trench-warfare." A few typical scenes thereof, with various services of the Army, are here illustrated. The official despatch of the 10th stated: "Yesterday the progress of our attack was closely followed by our airmen, who at times engaged hostile troops with machine-gun fire. In the course of many aerial combats three hostile machines were destroyed and some others driven down damaged." On the same day it was mentioned that "a counter-attack north-east of Pozieres during the night was easily beaten off," and on the previous day: "There has been considerable hostile

artillery activity against our front north of Pozieres." This village was captured by our troops last month. Describing the scene there, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "The windmill should be as famous in the history of this war as the Ferryman's House on the Yser Canal, or the chateau at Vermelles, or the 'Tower Bridge' at Loos. Waves of men have surged up the slope to it under storms of shell-fire. . . . But it is only the relic of a mill-house. The timbers have been blown to atoms weeks ago. The sails fell in the first bombardment, and all that stands now is the stone base in the form of a small pyramid as a memorial of great bloodshed."

FIGHTING IN THE DOLOMITES: THE ITALIANS CAPTURING AN AUSTRIAN "RABBIT-WARREN" POSITION AT DAWN.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOKKROSE FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE ITALIANS.



ON THE ROLLE PASS: STEEL-HELMETED BERSAGLIERI MAKING A SURPRISE ATTACK ON THE ENEMY. NUMBERS OF WHOM HELD UP THEIR HANDS AT ONCE.

Describing the sketch from which this drawing was made, Mr. Julius M. Price, our special artist with the Italians in the field, writes: "The Austrians considered themselves in perfect security on the Rolle Pass. From their trenches, they frequently shouted insults to the Italians below, and dared them to come up and attack them. At last Italy's moment arrived. One night, two columns of infantry and Bersaglieri began to scale the rocks on whose top were the enemy positions. They surprised the Austrians before they were aware of the attack. In the early hours of the morning, when the sun was just lighting up the highest summits of the Alps, the

position was rushed. In a few moments over 300 men, with 11 officers, and several machine-guns, were captured. The position, which was strongly fortified, resembled a rabbit-warren. Holes and dug-outs were everywhere, and the enemy came out dumbfounded at the unexpected appearance of the Italians on all sides." Mr. Price adds a further note that the famous Bersaglieri are now wearing the steel helmets issued to all the other troops; but, as they have had to sacrifice their flowing cock's-plumes, they are permitted to fasten a tuft of feathers to the side of their helmets. (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

ON THE ISONZO, NEAR GORIZIA: "RUNNING THE GAUNTLET."

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE ITALIANS.



ADVANCING THROUGH CURTAIN-FIRE: ITALIANS CROSSING A TEMPORARY BRIDGE UNDER SHELLING, IN INDIAN FILE AND AT THE DOUBLE.

Describing this sketch, which is dated August, Mr. Julius M. Price writes: "The Isonzo still appears to occupy the chief attention of the Austrians, and, with their artillery on the heights beyond Gorizia, they are constantly endeavouring to prevent, by means of curtain-fire, the passage of the Italian troops and convoys. There seems to be no method in their shooting; shells drop at the most unexpected places, though, of course, the bridges and fords are the most usual targets. The other day I saw a regiment

passing the river by a temporary bridge. Firing was very heavy at the moment at this point, so the commanding officer took no chances. The whole regiment went forward in Indian file, at the double; crouching down, as there was no cover, and with big intervals between the men. The soldiers, it may be added, went forward as steadily as though engaged in some physical drill." Quick-witted ability to meet unexpected situations is a characteristic of the Italian Army.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"OWING TO THE DAMAGE OFTEN CAUSED": A SUBMARINE'S SIGNAL

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.



THE NURSING'S MESSAGE: A BRITISH SUBMARINE, ALONGSIDE HER MOTHER-SHIP, FLYING
"REDUCE SPEED; STOP HER."

As we have noted, our illustration shows a British submarine, alongside her mother-ship for slight repairs, asking a passing vessel to reduce her speed. In the "Notices to Mariners," it is written: "Owing to the damage often caused to vessels alongside

piers or other vessels occasioned by the wash from ships passing at a high rate of speed, the new international code signal, 'M.F.,' indicating 'Reduce Speed; stop her,' will be hoisted."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"THE BLACK TREES OF THIËPVAL SHOULD BE RED AT THEIR ROOTS."

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



WHERE THE WILTSHIRES AND WORCESTERS DEFEATED THE PRUSSIAN GUARD: REMAINS OF THIËPVAL WOOD, FROM JUST OUTSIDE THIËPVAL.



THE SCENE OF A TERRIFIC BRITISH BOMBARDMENT: A VIEW OF THIËPVAL (IN THE BACKGROUND) FROM THIËPVAL WOOD.

The village of Thiëpval, converted by the Germans into a formidable stronghold, was battered out of all recognition by the British guns, at the time when the gallant Wiltshires and Worcesters fought and defeated the Prussian Guard. "As I stood watching the place," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, "from a trench only a few hundred yards away, it seemed to me astounding and terrible that men should still be living there. I could see nothing of the village, for there is next to nothing left of it—nothing at all but heaps of rubbish which were once the roofs and walls of houses. But on the sky-line, at the top of a

ridge which slopes up from the Leipzig salient, there still stand a hundred trees or so, which are all that is left of Thiëpval." Describing our artillery fire upon it, and the subsequent infantry fighting, he says: "The violence of this bombardment was as frightful as anything I have seen in this war in the way of destructive gun-power. The shells tore up the German trenches and built up a great wall of smoke along the crest of the ridge. . . . The Worcesters and the Wiltshires held their ground round Thiëpval, and their losses were paid heavily by German blood. The trees of Thiëpval should be red at their roots."

THE FRENCHWOMAN IN WAR: A PROCLAMATION.



IN A FRENCH VILLAGE BEHIND THE SOMME FRONT: LA GARDE CHAMPÊTRE READING A PROCLAMATION
AS TO WARNINGS OF THE APPROACH OF ENEMY AIRCRAFT.

The women of France have responded splendidly to the call for their services in place of the men who are fighting. In the country they are doing much of the agricultural work, and they often occupy official positions. Here, for instance, is a woman employed as a *garde champêtre*. Her duties include some which are usually performed with us by a Town Crier, though she is provided, not with a bell, but with a drum. In this connection it may be recalled that in this country also this office has in some cases been

undertaken by women during the war. In the illustration the *garde champêtre* is reading a proclamation regarding the warning to be given in the event of hostile aircraft appearing. The photograph was taken at Hangest-en-Santerre, a village near the Somme front. Santerre is the name of a district near Péronne, and several places in it—Belloy-en-Santerre and Berny-en-Santerre—have been mentioned in the communiqués describing the new French advance within the last few days.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

IN QUEST OF
THE BOOKOF SACRED
SCIENCE.SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE, WHICH SUBAS BELIEVED TO BE A ROLL OF
PAPYRUS ON WHICH WAS WRITTEN THE SECRET OF GOLD-MAKING. THE ARGONAUTS.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE CHOLERA AGAIN.

IT is hardly likely that we shall escape from the present war without an epidemic, if not among our civil population at home, at all events among our troops abroad. The number of diseases of the kind which have threatened attacks, till now most gallantly repulsed by our Army medical authorities, will probably not be made known until some time after the conclusion of peace; but even a layman can verify, by the reports appearing from time to time in the daily Press, that they include tetanus, typhoid fever in one or other of its forms, gas-gangrene, and trench-fever. Of these, the first two were driven off soon after their appearance by protective inoculation; the third by local treatment, such as deep incisions and disinfection; while the fourth has well-nigh died out with the alterations in the conditions of warfare. Cholera, however, has not yet put in any noticeable appearance in the West, although it was not unknown at Gallipoli, and is said to have given some trouble to our Mesopotamian Expedition. About this, we shall doubtless hear more when the Reports of the lately appointed Commissions on these two ill-fated enterprises come to be issued.

Meanwhile, it would be just as well if we were to take what precautions we can against an outbreak of it nearer home. The course of the war seems now likely to approach European Turkey, where cholera is as endemic as typhus fever is in Galicia; and such news as we do get from Constantinople says that an outbreak of a particularly virulent kind is raging there. This, of course, is put down by the sympathisers with the blameless Balkanists to the filthy habits of the Turk. But the Turk in this, as in some other matters, has less than justice done him, and his Christian neighbours are not likely to do any better. It was the fearful outbreak of cholera in the Bulgarian Army at Chatalja which did nearly as much as the handsome drubbing they received from the Turks to stop their advance to the Golden Horn in 1913. Nor have the Greeks much more reason to boast. Dr. Cavvadias, in a communication lately made by him to the French Société Médicale des Hôpitaux, says there was a severe epidemic of cholera among the Greek troops also during the

last, or Second Balkan War, the cause in both cases being the utter neglect of sanitation in the Bulgarian camps. As for the season, it is not, as is generally supposed, in hot or summer weather that these epidemics usually begin. In 1848, and again in 1865, the disease, brought, as ever, from

In the East things are different, and it would be idle to deny that our troops at Salonika and elsewhere in the Balkans are exposed to the risk of infection. This can be, and is no doubt now being, much lessened by appropriate means, and

we know at least that everything is done to provide our men and the French with pure water and proper sanitation. What one would like to hear is that they are also undergoing vaccination with the Wright serum, which was lately applied, as was said in *The Illustrated London News* of July 22, to 150,000 men of the Serbian Army without a single mishap. The pain is next to nothing, the reaction entirely negligible, and by this time the men required to submit to it should be sufficiently disciplined and careful of the lives of their fellows not to make the "conscientious" or, rather, unconscientious, objections that certain cranks at home would be sure to urge were it made—as it should be—compulsory on civilians here. The efficacy of the process may be judged from Dr. Cavvadias's paper mentioned before, where he says that, in the Greek epidemic, 82.5 per cent. of those who came under his care from the disease had not been vaccinated, 10.5 had been imperfectly vaccinated with one injection of the serum of Kolle, and only 2 per cent. had gone through the complete process.

For the treatment of those actually attacked, enough was said in this column on July 22 to make repetition of the drugs and things indicated unnecessary, with one exception: The intravenous injection of saline solution there alluded to as having been used with great success in cases of collapse demands a certain amount of apparatus trifling enough in itself, but not likely to be found in the ordinary field-hospital kit unless specially ordered. As, moreover, the immunity given by the serum is not perpetual, measures of isolation and the strict segregation of all who have been in actual contact with the disease is necessary. All this means extra provision of tents, huts, and so on, besides a special staff. We must look, with the experiences of Gallipoli and Mesopotamia before our eyes, to the authorities to provide them before the attack has actually developed; and trust that it may not then be too late.—F. L.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: BIG GUNS MOVING UP TO THE FRONT.

Official Photograph.

Turkey and the Balkan States, reached Marseilles in September, and this country in the following month. It looks as if it were the autumnal



A RESULT OF FRENCH ARTILLERY FIRE: A GERMAN MUNITION-STORES BLOWN UP.

Photograph by Alfieri.

chills rather than the summer heats which give the vibrio most energy; and if we get through the next month or two, we shall probably be out of its danger, so far as the West is concerned.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

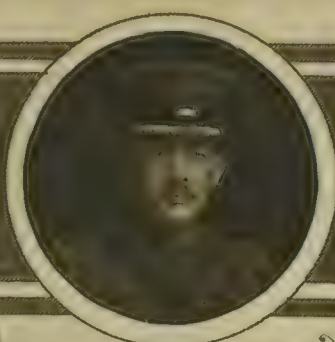
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGFIER, LAFAYETTE, FOOLSHAM AND HANFIELD, LAMBERT WESTON, DEBENHAM, AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



MAJOR F. F. WALDRON,
Hussars, and R.F.C. Son of Brig-General
Waldron, C.B., Melitta Lodge, Kildare.
Killed in action.



LIEUT. THE HON.
B. DANVERS BUTLER,
King's Royal Rifle Corps.
Brother of Ld. Lanesborough.



MAJOR A. JULIAN FELL,
Acting Divisional Musketry
Officer, W. Command. Son
of late Rev. St. John Fell.



LIEUT.-COL. C. E. RADCLYFFE, D.S.O.,
Essex Regt. Served in S. African War
(D.S.O.). Son of Mr. C. E. Radclyffe, J.P.,
Little Park, Wickham.



LIEUT. A. F. J. BARON DE RUTZEN,
Yeomanry. Son of late Sir Albert de Rutzen,
Chief Metropolitan Magistrate. Killed in
action.



CAPT. AND ADJT. E. V.
BRISCOE,
R. Warwickshire Regt. Son
of Major E. W. Briscoe.



2ND LT. EDWARD S. JOY,
R. Berkshire Regt. Son of
Mr. George Edward Joy, of
Hornsey. Aged 25.



2ND LIEUT. TURNER R. WALKER,
King's (Liverpool Regt.). Grand-nephew of
John Stuart Blackie, and descendant of
James Watt, the famous engineer.



CAPTAIN H. HOYT PINEO,
Canadian Mounted Rifles. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. W. W. Pineo, Waterville, Nova Scotia.
Killed in action.



CAPT. DAVID WILSON,
R.F.C. Was promoted Flying
Commander the day before
his death.



BRIG.-GEN. A. S. BUCKLE,
R.A. Fought in Egypt and
S. Africa: Queen's, King's,
and Khedive's medals.



CAPTAIN DOUGLAS
BRUCE MACKINTOSH,
Black Watch (R. Highlanders)
Son of late Col. Mackintosh.



CAPTAIN H. A. WHITBY,
W. Yorkshire Regt. Younger son of
Mr. and Mrs. Stafford Whitby, of Hall.
Killed in action.



CAPTAIN R. VERE CLERK,
Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). Son of Lieut-
Colonel R. M. Clerk, D.L., Charlton House,
Shepton Mallet.



CAPT. E. H. KENNEFICK,
Essex Regt. Eldest son of
Mrs. Kennefick, Auburn,
Clonmel, Tipperary.



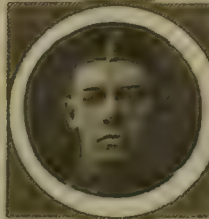
LIEUT. AND ADJT. R. T.
CASEBOURNE,
West Yorkshire Regt. Has
been reported killed.



ACTING-CAPTAIN S. M.
BICKERSTETH,
W. Yorkshire Regt. Son of
the Rev. S. Bickersteth D.D.



CAPTAIN STEWART A. WHITE, M.A.,
Northumberland Fusiliers. Was a Master
at Bede Collegiate School. Son of Mr. J. S.
Whita, Herne Bay.



CAPT. H. W. H. CREASY,
Essex Regt. Eldest son of
Mr. Harry Creasy, Colombo,
Ceylon. Aged 19.



LT. L. TIEL JORDAN,
R.E. Mentioned despatches.
Son of Mr. J. Tiel Jordan,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.



2ND LIEUT. GOODMAN
AMBLER,
Malay States Volunteers.
Awarded the Military Cross.

NEW NOVELS.

"Far-Away Stories."

Mr. W. J. Locke's preface to "Far-Away Stories" (John Lane: the Bodley Head) tells us that the stories "cover a long stretch of years, and all were written in calm days far away from the present convulsion of the world. Anyhow, no one will buy the book under the impression that it is a novel, and, finding that it isn't. . . . Quite so. They will buy the book expecting (and finding) Mr. Locke in slighter mood, a very pleasant companion to lead war-torn spirits away for an hour or two from thoughts anxious and distressing. All the authors who, recognising that their gifts of imagination were given them to spend upon their kind, have written, and continue to write, cheerfully and gaily deserve the thanks of the British public to-day. It is not so much for yourself that you will buy "Far-Away Stories"—no. You will nibble at them first, no doubt; but presently you will slip them on to a bedside table, beside a young man who will tell you that he forgets the pain of his healing wound when he has friends about. And such a friend is Mr. Locke.

"Julius Le Vallon."

It is no great slight for Mr. Algernon Blackwood into the immeasurable dimensions of "Julius Le Vallon" (Cassell); as we know, his imagination exists to overleap earthly barriers. His hero in this new, strange story is discovered as a school-boy already living in a complete understanding of his eternal existence, and particularly taken up with reviving his own memory, and his friend's, of the days when there were kings in Babylon. So, too, the vitality of the universe is a matter he can grasp and handle. The trouble with Julius Le Vallon seems to us to be a misuse of his sense of proportion. He is so engaged with his knowledge of the infinite past, and his yearning for the infinite future, that he uses the present as nothing better than an instrument—a section with no other purpose than to complete the circle. He meddles with the life of his normal friend; and, though his personal charm and magnetism are insisted on, it is not easy to avoid seeing

him—not through Mr. Blackwood's visionary eyes—as rather a nuisance in a world of very real if temporary things. The truth may be that "Julius Le Vallon" would have been better as a four-part story than as a novel. Too much is expected of us; and human nature protests at having to live in the rarefied atmosphere of conscious immortality through the length of a fair-sized novel.

"God's Puppets." "God's Puppets" (Macmillan) is a book of short stories, a fact which comes upon the reader when the first one ends just as it

Sentiment less blatant and more convincing is well handled in "The Strange Boy," in which "an old party of forty-five" visualises mentally the boy he used to be, and confronts him with Twelve, Thirteen, and Fourteen of these latter days, absorbed in their baseball kings, their automobile lore, and wireless problems. The boy that was is in bows and arrows, and shanghaies, cunning in woodcraft, and gloriously disreputable; the boys of to-day are clean and alert, well-informed, polite, and—forty-five would give us to understand—tamed to the higher civilisation. It may be so;

but we suspect that the obvious sentiment is again, as usual, false, though here is neither the time nor the place to argue the case with Mr. William Allen White.

"Mr. Wildridge of the Bank."

The time has gone by when Irishmen could lament that no one but Charles Lever cared to write an Irish novel. There are many people who write Irish novels now, and produce books, moreover, of an excellent quality. Mr. Lynn Doyle's story, "Mr. Wildridge of the Bank" (Duckworth), runs in the usual vein of comedy, and contains all the ingredients that make for popularity. Incidentally, it reproduces the atmosphere of a small provincial town, with a nice attention to the humours of its happy-go-lucky population. Mr. Wildridge and his cashier, Mr. Jackson, stand in need of wisdom in their dealings with the Bank's clients. Mr. Wildridge, following (as he tells us) the practice of the "ancient Germans," refers one at least of their problems to a bottle of champagne, drawing judgment and counsel from Wildridge upl

lifted not less than, on the next morning, from Wildridge sober. There is a Nora (how could the story do without a Nora?), whose juggling with the hearts of both the manager and his subordinate should not be given away, for in it lies the riddle of the Portnamuck romance. She embodies a type of flirtatious beauty that it is always refreshing to meet; and we can commend the history of her machinations in "Mr. Wildridge of the Bank" to those who are looking for high-spirited entertainment.



MUNITION-MAKING IN CANADA: WOMEN AT WORK ON RINGS FOR SHRAPNEL FUSES.

The munition-works in Canada employ many women; some as paid hands, others as volunteers. At the factory in which this photograph was taken all the work is done by women, save the heavy lifting and packing.—[Photo. Topical.]

appears to be advancing to the intricacies of a full-blown plot. The disappointment—a momentary annoyance—of this discovery over, the rest of the volume reveals itself as good stuff, of the American domestic-cum-financial order. The sentiment in "A Prosperous Gentleman" is too sugary to be altogether palatable to the European: it takes a Transatlantic taste to appreciate pathos laid on, as in this case, with a trowel. It is a story that would reproduce well on the "movies," where its obvious appeal would find a happy home.

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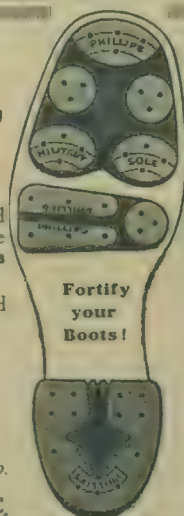
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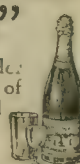
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HER HUSBAND'S WIFE," AT THE NEW.

NOT since "The Mollusc" delighted us have we been offered on the London stage so engaging a light comedy as Mr. A. E. Thomas's "Her Husband's Wife." Mr. Thomas is an American, but his play has none of the topicalisms or local slang for which allowance has often to be made in the work of American dramatists. You have to grant Mr. Thomas one postulate—you always must grant something in this sort of piece. You must suppose that a young wife, just because she seems to have got everything that heart could wish—a good husband, a wealthy home, freedom from all anxiety—turns, out of sheer unreasonableness, self-imagined invalid; that her belief in her ailments reaches such lengths as to make her sure she is booked for an early death, and to look about for a suitable successor to herself to console her husband when she is gone. Why not fix on someone, and make arrangements for the new marriage, in her life-time? That is what Irene Randolph does, and selects naturally an old friend who looks like a frump and is not likely to efface memories of the first wife. An indulgent uncle of hers she compels to favour the idea; but he has his own reasons for complaisance, for he judges that, once at work, it may well effect the cure of the hypochondriac. As, indeed, happens. Emily Ladew has only consented to play the part of understudy because she wishes to score off Irene's brother, formerly her fiancé; and, but too well aware why the insult, as she reckons it, has been put upon her—namely, that Irene thinks her too plain to be a rival—takes her revenge by donning the smartest of dress and deliberately fascinating the husband. Then what a conflict of wits, what a transformation of the invalid herself, what maligning of the poor husband to get him out of the enemy's clutches, what anger of the husband at being maligning, what a tornado of fun before the couples are sorted out rightly and the invalid pitches medicine aside! At the same time, what perfection of comedy acting from Miss Marie Löhr and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, ideal foils! The pair between them, and with Mr. Allan Aynesworth and Mr. Dion Boucicault to help, gave us an example of histrionic art at its best.

"THE MISLEADING LADY," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

A night later came another American play with Americanisms thick upon it. Characters are pitched into the action which are quite superfluous. Right in the thick of the

plot interest is violently switched off to an eccentric intruder lugged in by the heels. Melodrama is handed out to us in slabs. And yet there is enough "bite" in the mixture, enough piquancy in one at least of the extraneous figures, to make the whole breathless affair tolerable and even diverting. The backbone of the story of "The Misleading Lady" is taken boldly from "The Taming of the Shrew." Because, to win a wager, a girl has duped the hero into making her an offer of marriage, he carries her off to the hills and tames her by brute force. He ties her by a dog's chain to the wall, and she breaks

the hold the lovers, in the attractive persons of Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Malcolm Cherry, exercised on the audience.

"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE-STORY," AT THE SAVOY.

Stage-gossip has it that the title-role of "The Professor's Love Story" was intended by Sir James Barrie for Henry Irving. The whirligig of chance has now ordained that Mr. H. B. Irving should take up what his father refused, and believers in heredity will, no doubt, affirm that they can gather from the son's performance what the father's would have been like. Let it be enough for us to say that Mr. Irving's taste for eccentric character here obtains very gracious scope, and that his Professor is uniformly appealing. The Professor's ward is Miss Fay Compton, and a very winsome ward. But now, as always, and more than ever, it is the Scottish peasant characters and the Scottish scenes which are the salt of the little drama. And since Effie has Miss Kate Moffat for representative, and her companions are Mr. Nelson Ramsay and Mr. George Tawde, the Scottish flavour of the story is ideally brought out.

"BROADWAY JONES," AT THE PRINCE'S.

Those two thousand wounded or invalided soldiers who made the audience when "Broadway Jones" was revived at the Prince's last Wednesday afternoon must have felicitated themselves alike on the piece they were seeing and on its two chief interpreters. For if ever there were a stage-tale calculated to banish the "blues," it is this. And if ever there was an actor suited to the name-part, it is Mr. Seymour Hicks, whom it permits to rattle at breakneck speed through scenes exciting and hilarious. Add that Miss Ellaline Terriss here has the best of opportunities alike for laughter and sentiment, and it will be easily understood why the soldiers enjoyed themselves. So, too, will all the civilians who visit the Prince's.

"WOMAN AND WINE," AT THE LYCEUM.

Melodrama of the old school has still plenty of devotees. Messrs. Landeck and Shirley's "Woman and Wine" is the right full-bodied thing, with a story to tell—the story of a prodigal too well loved—and with one big thrill in it. The thrill, of course, comes in the scene in which the two women fight a duel with knives in the market-place. There was an air of desperation about the fight, as waged by Miss Ethel Warwick and Miss Alice Belmore at the Lyceum, which roused the first-night audience to shrill demonstrations of enthusiasm. There is a capital cast.



THE FUNERAL OF THE CREW OF THE DESTROYED "CUFFLEY" ZEPPELIN: MILITARY HONOURS BY THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS.

The remains of the sixteen Germans who perished in the destruction of the Zeppelin brought down at Cuffley were buried in the cemetery at Potter's Bar on September 6. The commander's coffin was carried by six R.F.C. officers and buried in a separate grave (seen in the background.) Those of the crew were borne by men of the R.F.C. and placed together in the large grave adjoining. The service was conducted by a military chaplain, the Rev. M. Handcock, and buglers sounded the "Last Post."—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

open his head with a telephone-receiver. Elemental emotions indeed, with a hut far from civilisation to afford picturesque accessories! In the midst of this primitive love-making an escaped lunatic appears. Truth to tell, this lunatic, represented with pathos and a certain humorous dignity by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, nearly imperilled

the thrill, of course, comes in the scene in which the two women fight a duel with knives in the market-place. There was an air of desperation about the fight, as waged by Miss Ethel Warwick and Miss Alice Belmore at the Lyceum, which roused the first-night audience to shrill demonstrations of enthusiasm. There is a capital cast.

Next to Nature's Food

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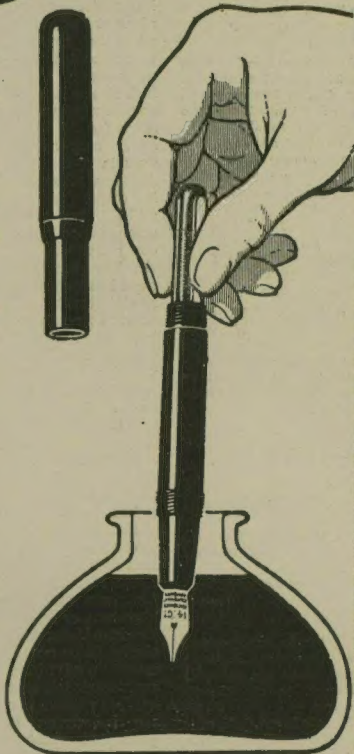
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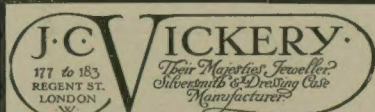
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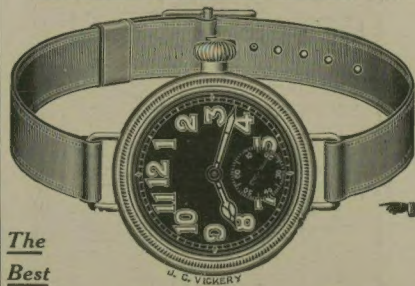


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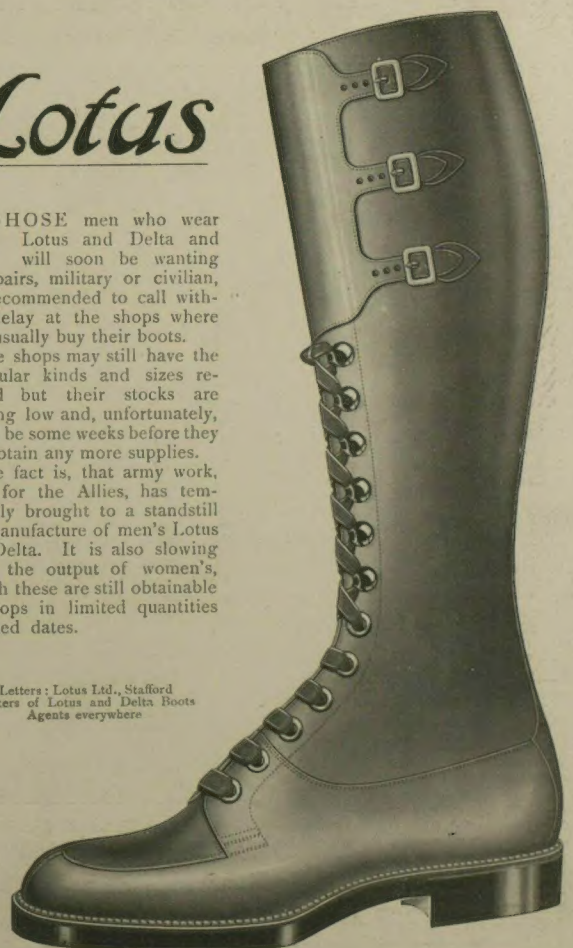
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The fact is, that army work, boots for the Allies, has temporarily brought to a standstill the manufacture of men's Lotus and Delta. It is also slowing down the output of women's, though these are still obtainable by shops in limited quantities on fixed dates.

Letters: Lotus Ltd., Stafford
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Agents everywhere



CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

S C BLAKE.—1. R to K B 7th, K to R sq; 2. Kt to R 6th (ch), gives another solution.

C F RATHBONE.—1. Q to B 7th, any move; 2. B mates next move.

A M SPARKE.—Your further contribution is very welcome.

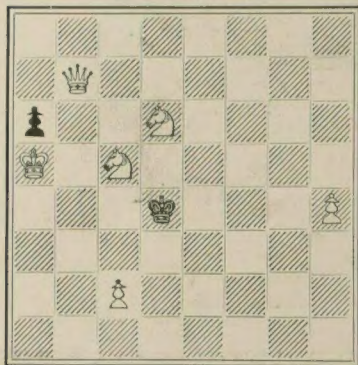
H J M.—Thanks for further position, which is very amusing.

J WATTS.—Except for an inversion of moves, the only difference between your variation and that of the orthodox line of play is to be found in Black's fourth move, where you suggest Kt to K B 3rd instead of Kt to Q B 3rd, which is much more effective. Continuing your play, we come to the following: 11. Q to K 5th (ch), K to Q 2nd, 12. Q takes P, Kt takes P (you say check, but there is none), 13. K to Q 2nd, Kt takes R, 14. Kt to K 5th (ch), but why not Kt takes Q?

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3733 received from J C Gardiner (Toronto); of No. 3735 from S Trueman, C A M (Penang), J B Camara (Madeira), C Barretto (Madrid), and J Nevil (Malta); of No. 3736 from J B Camara, W S W McLay (Toronto), J Nevil, P J Mistri (Bombay), and P Perkins; of No. 3737 from J B Camara and W S W McLay; of No. 3738 from H J B Leadbury, C Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.), A Kok (Amsterdam), Edith Vicars (Wood Dalling), and R Carry McKean; of No. 3739 from J Marshall Bell, J R Jameson (Ferryhill), Edith Vicars, J Verrall (Rodenell), Bogner, and G Reynolds.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3749 received from H Grasset Baldwin (Farnham), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), Rev. J Christie (Birmingham), M G Ouslow (Bournemouth), R C Durell (Wanstead), J S Forbes (Brighton), J Fowler, A H Arthur (Bath), F L Bishop (Southampton), J Dixon (Chelmsford), G Sorrie (Stonehaven), and A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter).

PROBLEM No. 3741.—By H. J. M.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3738.—By E. G. B. BARLOW.

WHITE

1. B to B sq
2. Q to Kt 7th (ch)
3. Q to K 7th (mate)

If Black play 1. R to B 3rd, 2. Q to Kt 5th (ch); if 1. R to B 2nd, 2. Q to Q 6th (ch); if 1. R to Kt 4th, 2. Q to Q 6th (ch); and if 1. P to B 6th, then 2. R to Q 5th (ch), etc.

BLACK

- K takes P
- K to K 4th

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Tournament of the Illinois Correspondence Association between Messrs. WOODBURY and PERKINS

(King's Bishop's Game.)

WHITE (Mr. W.) BLACK (Mr. P.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. B to B 4th Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd Kt takes P
4. Q to K 2nd P to Q 4th
5. Kt takes P B to K 3rd
6. P to Q 4th B to K 2nd
7. B to Q 3rd K Kt to B 3rd
8. P to K B 4th

As the sequel shows, this is altogether premature in face of Black's development. The whole advance should be delayed until the White King is safe from counter-attack.

8. Castles

9. P to K Kt 4th Kt to B 3rd
10. P to B 3rd Kt takes Kt

The combination here initiated and culminating in Black's fifteenth move is a very effective one. A piece is surrendered for three Pawns and an exceedingly strong position.

11. Q P takes Kt Kt takes Kt P
12. P to B 5th B to R 5th (ch)
13. K to B sq Kt to B 7th
14. R to Kt sq Kt takes B
15. Q takes Kt P to K B 3rd

WHITE (Mr. W.) BLACK (Mr. P.)

16. P takes B P takes P (ch)
17. K to Kt 2nd Q to Q 3rd
18. K to R sq Q takes P
19. B to Kt 5th

A fatal mistake, as it enables Black to establish his passed Pawn at K 6th. The best defence, however, which seems B to K 3rd, would only serve to prolong, but not save the game, as Black's preponderance in Pawns could only lead to one result.

19. B to B 7th
20. R to Kt 2nd P to K 5th
21. Q to K 2nd P to K 6th
22. Kt to R 3rd P to K R 3rd
23. Kt to Kt 5th R to B 2nd
24. B to B 4th R takes B
25. Kt takes B P to K 5th
26. Kt takes R R to R 5th

White resigns. The White pieces were handled by Mr. Woodbury, President and Champion of the National Correspondence Chess Association, U.S.A.; and the Black by Mr. Perkins, Champion of the Brooklyn Chess Club.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

FICTION.

- The Chaste Wife. Frank Swinnerton. 3s. net (Martin Secker).
The Smiler Bunn Brigade. Bertram Atkey. 2s. 6d. net.
(Hodder and Stoughton).
The Reef of Stars. H. De Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson).
The Two V.C.s and Other Stories. Felix Linnell. 1s. net.
(Saint Catherine Press).
Mike. E. F. Benson. 6s. (Cassell).

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Songs of the Sailor Men. By T. B. D. 2s. net (Hodder and Stoughton).
Wild Animal Ways. Ernest Thompson Seton. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton).
Trooper Bluegum at the Dardanelles. Oliver Hogue. 3s. 6d. net (Melrose).
The Truth About the Dardanelles. Sydney A. Moseley. 5s. net (Cassell).
The Glory That Is France. Sidney Dark. 3s. 6d. net (Nash).
The German Woman and Her Master. Henry De Halsalle and C. Sheridan Jones. 2s. net (Werner Laurie).

PROFESSOR LEACOCK'S ESSAYS.

OF the nine numbers which make up Professor Stephen Leacock's "Essays and Literary Studies" (John Lane), that on "American Humour" seemed to call loudest for immediate perusal. For Mr. Leacock is himself a humourist, and chiefly as such reputed; and he is none the less so because he never cuts capers to win a laugh, while still more certainly he is none the less a humourist because almost always what he says is uncommonly down-right sense. And he is also an American humourist, since (as he himself explains) Canada is in America, although it ought to be added that his accent is not obviously Trans-atlantic, but has retained or acquired reminiscences of nearer home. Seeking to account, then, for his peculiar appeal, well known from earlier volumes, we turned first in this one to this paper on "American Humour" and were rewarded by a disappointment. We got, that is to say, no formal explanation of the thing, but found instead in a fresh manifestation—too subtle, indeed, to be explicable—the very thing itself. And this is the impression chiefly taken from the other essays and studies when their turn comes. Be their subject American morals, or American education, or American literature, or even the character of our Charles the Second, the immediate thesis is secondary to something much too elusive to be ever run to earth. Mr. Leacock's is the true essayist's gift of being discursive on any theme, and adorning it from full reserves of wise and quaint reflection. Quite half his wisdom is unprejudiced tolerance, and it is just in this knowledge of sympathy that the springs of his particularly quaint humour are to be looked for.



AWARDED THE MILITARY CROSS FOR BRINGING DOWN AN ENEMY KITE-BALLOON: SECOND-LIEUTENANT C. W. P. MAY.

Second-Lieutenant Clancy William Patrick May, Royal Irish Rifles, Special Reserve, and R.F.C., has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry and skill. Greatly daring, he dived low over the enemy lines under heavy fire to attack a kite-balloon. He succeeded in hitting it and bringing it to the ground in flames. He is the son of Mr. William C. May, Chief Traffic Manager of the Great Eastern Railway.—[Photo, by Langflier.]

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Reports to
Academy of Medicine, Paris,
(November 10, 1908).
Academy of Sciences, Paris,
(December 14, 1908).

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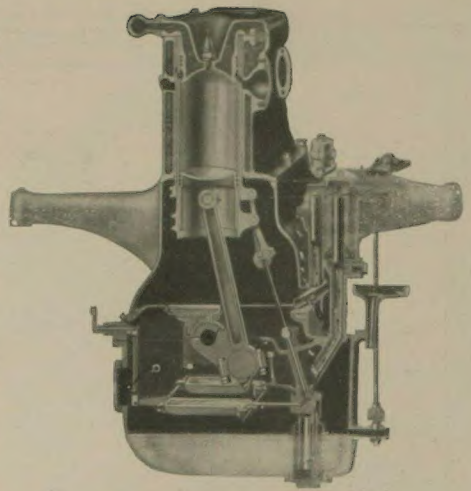
The War and the Motor Industry. I suppose that, so far as the manufacturing side of the British motor industry is concerned at the moment, the position might almost be summed up in the paradox—there is no motor industry. True, some of our factories are turning out a few cars for public disposal; but what with petrol restriction and other inevitable evils of a great war, there is but little inducement for the man in the street to purchase even those few. Fortunately for the future, no better equipment could be imagined for the production of munitions of war than the plant of a well-devised motor works, and thus the prominent firms are not only keeping their heads above water, but are doing quite reasonably well. There need be no fear on the score of after-war reconstruction of the industry—at all events on the manufacturing side. Where difficulty will be encountered is in the matter of markets in which to sell the

think it may be taken as read that a drastic readjustment of our tariff laws will be made. At present there is an import tariff of 33 1-3 per cent. on foreign manufactured cars, and it is fairly safe to assume that that tariff will not come off after the war. Of course, we must not lose sight of the fact that the end of the war will throw on the market large numbers of cars, many of them in first-class condition, which have been used in the public service, and which will be sold for the proverbial old song. This will doubtless affect to some extent the capacity for absorption of the new product, but not to any lasting degree. On the whole, therefore, I think we can look to the post-war prospects with a considerable measure of optimism.

British Cars in Foreign Markets.

It goes without saying that no British cars are being exported to the Colonies or to foreign countries. There may be a very few going out, but certainly not enough to affect the proposition. In the meantime, America is making hay while the sun shines. According to the latest available figures, the exports of American cars to Canada during the twelve months ending in June last totalled in value £1,455,990, against a value of £885,665 in the corresponding period of 1914-15. Exports to Australia and New Zealand more than doubled in value. Taking the case, again, of the East Indies, for the first time the figures are thought worthy of separate mention, the value of cars exported to this part of the world being given as £401,545. This is practically all new business. American automobile trade with South America expanded in the same period more than fourfold. It is not to be supposed that American motor manufacturers will allow themselves to be set back to the same relative position they occupied before the war. If the British marks are going to re-establish themselves in their old-time favour, a lot of propaganda work will have to be done before the war comes to an end. We can, I am confident, recover

our old-time position; but if it is to be done, a start will have to be made now. It is no use leaving things until the war is over and our trade rivals have had yet more time to consolidate the position they have gained during our time of trial and stress.



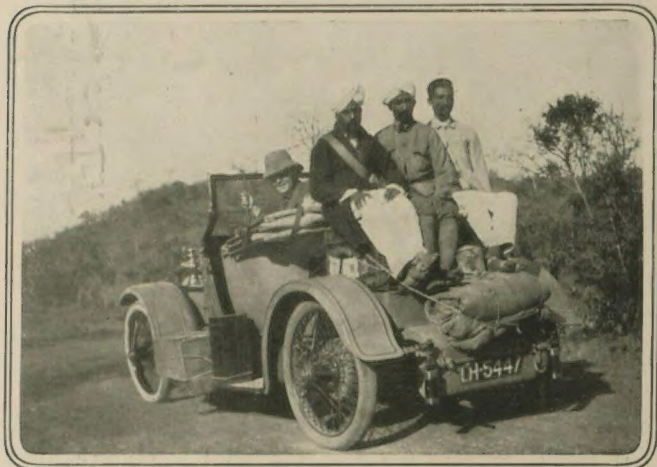
DAIMLERS IN COMMERCIAL WORK: AN ENGINE WHICH STANDS ALL TESTS.

This sectional photograph of the Daimler sleeve-valve engine is peculiarly interesting in view of the valuable results of the use of the Daimler in commercial work, which is so much heavier than the demands made upon it in motoring for pleasure. Proofs of this may be found in the book called "Actual Experience," which gives many testimonials from actual users of the Daimler Commercial Vehicles who have proved their reliability, their power, and their economy both in maintenance and in actual service. The booklet, which will be sent on application to the Daimler Company, Ltd., Coventry, is fully illustrated, and the testimonials prove that in all conditions and in all kinds of country these vehicles are equally satisfactory.

The Restriction of Char-a-Bancs Services.

Naturally, the proprietors of char-a-bancs are deeply resentful of the Order which stopped the use of petrol in this type of vehicle on the 31st of last month. It is pointed out that the application of the Order lays up a number of vehicles representing a large amount of capital on which no return is now being received, and—an aspect which has more appeal—throws out of employment a large number of men. On the other hand, it must be pointed out that the Order did not come into force until the holiday season had practically run its course, and the loss was thus reduced to a minimum. After all, the main reason for the existence of these services is to minister to the pleasure, pure and simple, of the holiday-maker, and, when restrictions have to be imposed, it is at that end they should logically begin.

W. W.



IN THE JUNGLES: A STRAKER-SQUIRE CAR AFTER A 15,000-MILE TOUR.

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products of manufacture, unless careful thought and attention are given beforehand to the many problems involved. The home market will, I believe, more or less take care of itself. It would be idle to indulge in speculation as to what shape protection of British industry will take, but I



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